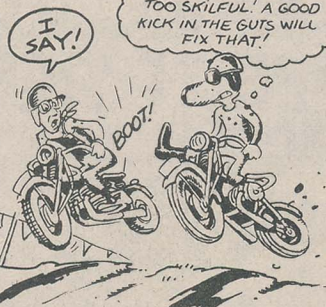


IN BATTLE, AS IN LIFE, THERE IS NO ROOM FOR LOSERS, BECAUSE THIS TIME THE WINNER TAKES ALL IN A DEADLY.

FIGHT TO THE FINISH

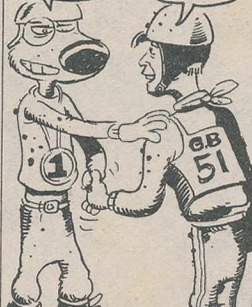
STARRING OTTO VON GASSIT

1939 THE 'SCRAMBLES' FINAL AT THE BERLIN OLYMPICS IS A RUM 'DICE' BETWEEN ENGLAND AND GERMANY



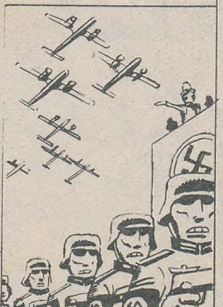
"DONNER-WETTER! THE ENGLANDER IS TOO SKILFUL! A GOOD KICK IN THE GUTS WILL FIX THAT!"

YOU RODE WELL, WIMP. NEXT TIME WE MEET MAY YOU BE THE LUCKIER.

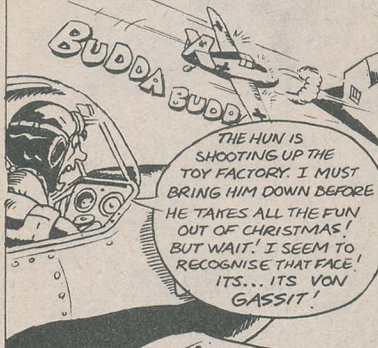


NO SHOW OLD BEAN! YOU WERE TOO GOOD FOR ME!

ALAS, IT IS NOT TO BE, FOR THE WINDS OF WAR PRECLUDE ANY FORM OF ORGANISED SCRAMBLES EVENT AT THIS POINT IN TIME.



BUT THE TWO RIVALS ARE DESTINED TO MEET AGAIN, ... AT A DIFFERENT TIME, AND A DIFFERENT PLACE.



THE HUN IS SHOOTING UP THE TOY FACTORY. I MUST BRING HIM DOWN BEFORE HE TAKES ALL THE FUN OUT OF CHRISTMAS! BUT WAIT! I SEEM TO RECOGNISE THAT FACE! ITS... ITS VON GASSIT!

BUT HE WHO HESITATES IS LOST! AND OTTO TAKES THE ADVANTAGE!!

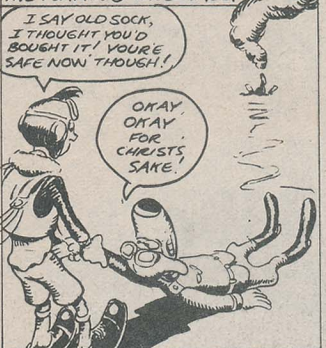


AAAARG! PERISHING BLIGHTER!



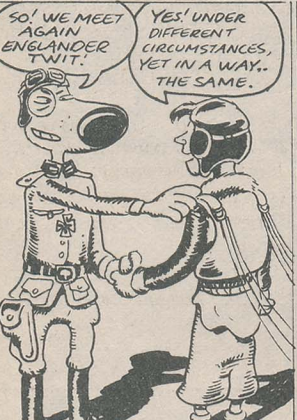
HE MEANS TO FINISH ME, BUT THE CHAPS HAVE COME OUT OF THE BUNDING SUN IN THE NICK OF TIME AND SCORED HITS ON HIS FUEL TANKS WHICH BURST INTO FLAME, SENDING VON GASSIT EARTHWARDS, SPEWING A LONG PLUME OF ACRID, BLACK SMOKE.

IT LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS FOR OUR HERO, BUT THE GALLANT ENGLISHMAN RISKS HIS LIFE TO PULL HIM CLEAR OF THE FLAMING WRECKAGE!



I SAY OLD SOCK, I THOUGHT YOU'D BOUGHT IT! YOU'RE SAFE NOW THOUGH!

OKAY, OKAY FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!



SO! WE MEET AGAIN ENGLANDER TWIT.

YES! UNDER DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES, YET IN A WAY.. THE SAME.



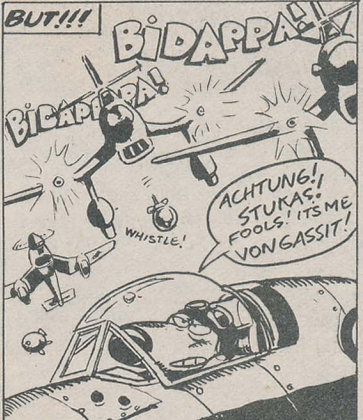
NOT SO SCHWEIN! THIS IS NOW WAR, AND WE NAZI'S ARE DESTINED TO WIN! HAND OVER THE KEYS TO YOUR 'SPITTY'!

WHY YOU BOUNDER! YOU NEED HAVE ONLY ASKED POLITELY!



AUF WIEDERSEHEN, POOFTAAAARSH!

GOOD LUCK!



BUT!!!

ACHTUNG! STUKAS! FOOLS! ITS ME VON GASSIT!



SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THIS SLUT, SHE WON'T RESPOND TO THE CONTROLS. GOT TO... GOT TO... GET... GET OUT..



STRAIGHT INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENGLISH ARMY! THE FOOLS MISTAKE ME FOR A BRITISHER!



DUMMKOPFS! NOW I CAPTURE YOU THE ENTIRE BRITISH ARMY IN THE NAME OF ADOLF AND HIS GOOSE-STEPPING NAZI THUGS!

CONFOUND THE CHEEKY BEGGAR! HE'S CAUGHT US DEAD TO RIGHTS!



TEUFEL! TREACHEROUS DOG!

GOOD SHOW SNODDINGTON! LET'S ALL HAVE A CUP OF TEA AND SIT DOWN TO A GOOD WHINGE SESSION!

BUT A FLYING RUGGER-STYLE TACKLE ENDS VON GASSIT'S ATTEMPT TO SINGLE-HANDEOLY WIN THE SECOND WORLD.